



FLAMING
CARROT
31

\$2.99 US
\$3.99 CAN

FLAMING CARROT COMICS™



HERBIE IN ALAS POOR CARROT!

ALL RIGHT,
MR. CHICKEN PANTS/
I'M GOING TO WRAP THAT
HORN AROUND YOUR
SKINNY NECK!

THE ONLY WAY TO
GO BACK IN TIME AND
PROVE THAT SHAKESPEARE
DID NOT WRITE ALL HIS PLAYS
ALONE IS WITH THIS STRANGE,
COOBALL SUPERHERO/
...BUT HE IS SO...
SO GOOFY!



ART & STORY:

BOB BURDEN

LETTERING: **SHANNON T. STEWART**

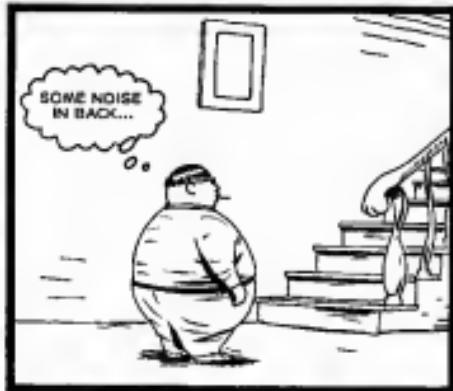
ASSISTANTS: **GABRIELLE GREENE**
& JOHN EATON

ONE DAY AT SCHOOL...

...AND IN FACT MANY CRITICS HAVE POSTULATED THAT WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE DID NOT WRITE ALL THE PLAYS AND SONNETS ATTRIBUTED TO HIM. PERHAPS NONE OF THEM. IN THE LAST TWENTY YEARS, A NUMBER OF NOTED SCHOLARS HAVE PROPOSED THAT THEY WERE REALLY WRITTEN BY FRANCIS BACON, CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, OR A SERIES OF PEOPLE WHO SHARED THE SAME BARBER...



AFTER SCHOOL...

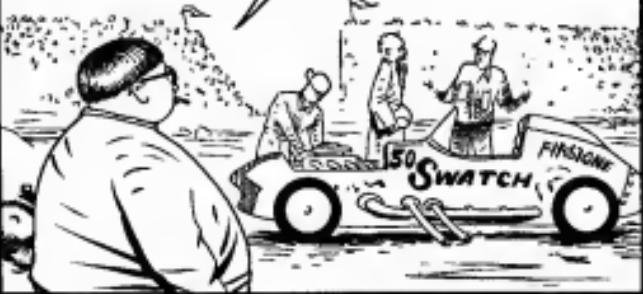






PAY DIRT AT THE DAYTONA 500,
WHERE FATHER TIME AND HIS PIT
CREW ARE IN THE THICK OF IT!

HEY! FATHER TIME!



WELL, LET'S SEE THERE'RE ONLY
THREE OF THOSE GRANDFATHER
CLOCKS LEFT IN SERVICE. THERE'S
THAT ONE ON THE WEST COAST,
THERE'S YOURS, WHICH YOU BROKE,
AND THE NEAREST ONE IS IN IRON
CITY! IT BELONGS TO A BLUE-
COLLAR SUPERHERO CALLED
FLAMING CARROT!



WHAT KIND OF NAME IS
THAT FOR A COSTUMED
AVENGER?
FLAMING CARROT?

IN IRON CITY...

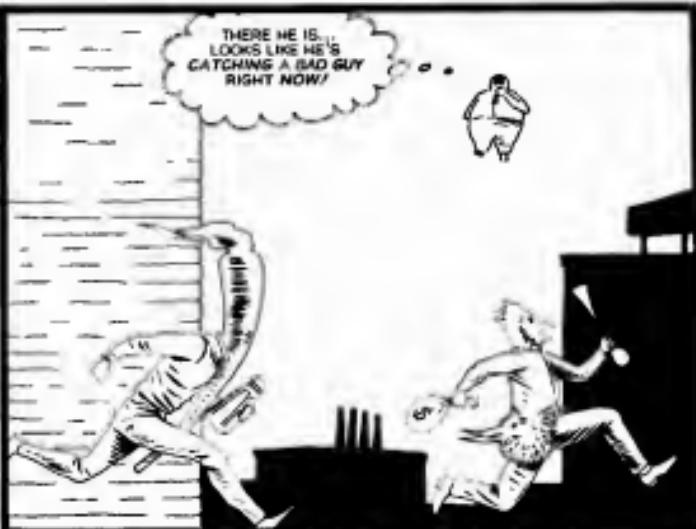
YEAH! YOU LOOK LIKE SOMEONE
WHO'D BE LOOKING FOR FLAMING
CARROT! YOU SHOULD FIND HIM
DOWN IN PALOKAVILLE, THAT'S
OUR TENDERLOIN DISTRICT...

TENDERLOIN?

ER

YEAH, THE SLUMS/
SKID ROW/ RUMMYTOWN/
IF HE'S UP THIS EARLY IN THE
DAY, THAT MEANS HE PROB-
ABLY HASN'T GONE
TO BED YET!

THERE HE IS...
LOOKS LIKE HE'S
CATCHING A BAD GUY
RIGHT NOW!



AH/ HA! GOT YOU NOW,
MR. CHICKEN PANTS! I WILL
PUT SALT ON YOUR TAIL
AND YOU WILL DIE!

A BLIND ALLEY/
THE JIG IS UP!

NOW I GOTTA READ YOU
YOUR RIGHTS/ LESS...HARD TO
READ... THE DARN THING WENT
THRU THE WASH LAST WEEK...
"YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN
VIOLENT. ANYTHING YOU SAY
AND CAN, WILL BE SUED TO
DANCE YOU... WAIT A
MINUTE! THAT'S
NOT RIGHT!"

SOOO... WHILE YOU FIGURE
THAT OUT, WHAT SAY I GO
GET US SOME SODA POP?

YEAH, OKAY/ MR. PIBB
OR DR PEPPER
FOR ME!

WOULD BE
GETTING OFF TOO
EASY IF I JUST
ARREST HIM!

THE CRIMINAL
IS GETTING AWAY,
GOING BEHIND THAT
BARBECUE PLACE.

HIDE IN HERE!

SOON...

OH, HEAVENS
TO BETSY! WHERE
DID MR. CHICKEN
PANTS GO?!

LOOK! THIS
BARBECUE PIT WAS
LEFT UNLOCKED! SOME
POOR LITTLE KIDS COULD
GET TRAPPED WHILE
PLAYING.

WELL, TIME TO GO
HOME AND DIG SOME
MORE HOLES IN THE
BACK YARD!

HEY! HEY!
LEMMIE OUTTA
HERE!

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! A
TALKING OVEN! CHICKEN PANTS
IS USING VENTRILOGUEISM
TO PLAY A TRICK!!

CHICKEN PANTS! YOU ARE BURNT!
BETTER GO TO THE HOSPITAL NOW!

ДИЧИНА/

OH, AND
ONE THING,...

WHERE'S MY SOODAAAAA!!!!

I LET HIM GO NOW/
HE'LL BE IN THE HOSPITAL
FOR A WEEK AND THEN
I ARREST HIM/

WHAT A STRANGE
CREATURE! HE ALMOST
BURNED THAT MAN TO
DEATH...BETTER TRY
CUNNING PLAN!

USE POWER OF
SUGGESTION/ THERE
HE IS WAITING FOR
A BUS/

YOUR GETTING
VERY SLEEPY...

VERY SLEEPY...

YOUR EYES ARE
GETTING HEAVY...

HEAVYYYY...



WHAT A SUGGESTIBLE
MIND/ IT'S TAKEN EFFECT
ALREADY/ HE'S FLOATING
AWAY ALREADY!!!



THAT'S IT/ GET
THE GRANDFATHER
CLOCK OUT/ WE'RE GOING
BACK IN TIME TO THE ERA
OF SHAKESPEARE!!



NOW LET'S SEE/
SHAKESPEARE RODE
WITH BILLY THE KID AND
THE DALTON GANG/
THE OLD WEST/ SAY ABOUT
THE YEAR 1867??

RIGHT
ON THE DOT,
PARDNER!





Chapter 2

THE BOOBS OF AVON

FORSOOTH! WHAT
LIGHT THROUGH YON
WINDOW BREAKS?

HEY! SHUT
UP DOWN THERE!
I'M TRYIN' TO GET
A LITTLE SHUT-
EYE!





GARSH/ SHUCKS/
YUP...I WAS AT
THAT!

...AND NO MORE SHALT THOU
DO THE "PULL MY FINGER" TRICK
ON THE FAIR AND MODEST MAIDENS
IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT OR THOU
SHALT BE THROWN OUT ON
THY EARTEST!

HAR/ HAR/
GOLL-LEEE/
I CIST LANKS
TA HAVE A LIL'
FUN NOW AN'
THEN/

GREAT SCOTT/ COULD THIS NICK,
THIS BODORISH HAYSEED, THIS COUNTRY
BUMPOW BE WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE?
...THE BARD OF AVON AND GREAT
MAN OF LETTERS?//

HEY/ ARE YOU...ER, I MEAN...ART
THOU WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
THE PLAYWRIGHT?

BURP...

"AT'S ME, YESSIR/ BILLY BOB'S MUH NAME
AND PLAYWRIGHTIN'S MUH NAME/ YUH WANT A
PLAY WRIT?...COMIN' RIGHT UP/ WANT THE HORSES
SHOD, THE BARN PAINTED, A WELL DUG? WELL AH'M
YER MAN/AH ALSO SELL FRENCH POSTCARDS//
LOOKIT THESE BABES,HAR/

WHAT'S THIS? INVENTIONS?
YOU'RE AN INVENTOR
TOO?//

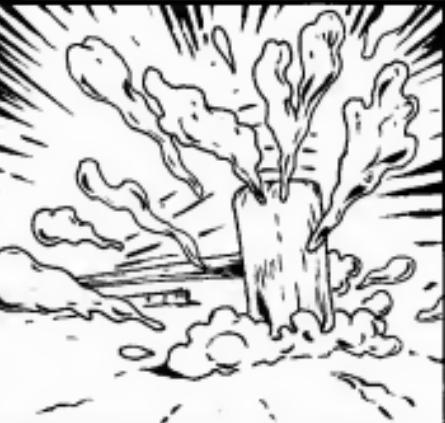
AH'M WHAT YOU'D CALL AN
ENTERPRISING IN-DEE-VID-YOOL!
HERE'S MUH LATEST INVENTION
...IT KILLS MICE WHEN YER
NOT AROUND/



KILLS
THEM?

YEAH! SPLATTERS THEIR
BRAINS ALL OVER THE PLACE.
WATCH THIS TRIFLE!"

TRIFLE: A BRITISH DESSERT MADE OF CUSTARD,
CAKE, FRUIT, AND WHIPPED CREAM. ED.



HMMMM...

WELL, IT'S A
LITTLE MESSY...

WHAT ABOUT PLAYS?
HEARD YOU WERE A PLAYWRIGHT?
WHAT ABOUT THAT?



PLAYS!...HERE YOU GO.../
THIS ONE'S ABOUT A GUY NAMED
WILBUR WHO HAS A TALKING HORSE...
AND IN THIS ONE, A BUNCHA PEOPLE
GO OUT FOR A THREE-HOUR TOUR ON
A FISHING BOAT, BUT A STORM
COMES AND THEY'RE MAROONED
ON A DESERT ISLAND AND...

THIS IS MUH FAVORITE...
AS A LITTLE KID, THIS GUY
HAS HIS PARENTS KILLED BY
CRIMINALS AND WHEN HE
GROWS UP HE FIGHTS CRIME
DRESSED UP AS A BATSO
HE SCARES THEM...

YES! CRIMINALS ARE
A SUPERSTITIOUS AND
COWARDLY LOT!





HOLDETH IT RIGHT
THERE, VARLETS! /



OH NO!...SHAKESPEARE LEFT
US WITH THE TAB AND THEY
DON'T TAKE VISA IN
THIS PLACE!



LATER, BACK AT SHAKESPEARE'S...

YEAH, HE'S IN THERE, WRITING UP A STORM!...GOT SOME DARK FIGURE IN A CLOAK WITH HIM!

MAYBE THAT'S THE DARK LADY OF HIS SONNETS!



...AND THEN HE SEES THIS LIGHT A-COMIN' THROUGH THIS HERE BROKE WINDOW...

NAH...YOU GOTTA MAKE IT MORE POETIC/YA GOTTA HAVE SOME FLAIR!

LET'S TRY AND JUICE THIS UP HERE! "HARK! WHAT LIGHT THROUGH YONDER WINDOW BREAKS?"



THERE YA GO LITTLE BUDDY... THA'S JUS' EGGZ-ZAKLY WHUT AH MEANT!

TAKE PICTURES NOW!



LET'S BUST 'EM RIGHT NOW!

NO! NO! THIS IS NOT A CRIME!...THOSE TWO ARE CREATING SOME OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST LITERATURE! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO DISTURB ONE SECOND OF THEIR TIME TOGETHER...OR SCARE THE MYSTERY GUY OFF!

YEAH! I SEE! THAT DOES SOUND BETTER!...MORE EDUCATED! MORE HIGHFALUTIN'!



LATER...

MYSTERY FIGURE
LEAVES THROUGH
SECRET PASSAGE...

BUT
WHO IS
ME?

LOOK AT FOOTPRINT/
LOOK WHAT IT SAYS
THERE!

UNDERNEATH THE DARK
CAPE AND HOOD IS SOMEONE
WEARING NIKES!

SOMEONE
FROM THE FUTURE
JUST LIKE US!

HE MUST BE FROM OUR TIME, AND MUST HAVE
THE THIRD GRANDFATHER CLOCK!...IS OUR
ONLY WAY BACK TO OUR OWN TIME!

THERE HE
GOES!

BUT WHO
ARE YOU? LET
ME LIGHT A
MATCH!

NO, NO, PLEASE...I'LL
DO ANYTHING YOU SAY/
DON'T KILL ME!

WE WON'T HARM YOU.
WE NEED YOUR GRAND-
FATHER CLOCK TO GO
FORWARD IN TIME, BACK
TO OUR OWN ERA!



BUDDY
HACKETT!

YOU'RE BUDDY HACKETT, WHO TRAVELED BACK
IN TIME TO HELP SHAKESPEARE WRITE HIS
MASTERPIECES!...BUT WHY?

I'VE ALWAYS DABBLED IN THE
ARTS...SCULPTURE, OIL, POETRY,
THEATRE...ART WAS MY FIRST
LOVE...THEN COMEDY.

WHY, IF THAT EVER GOT OUT,
IT COULD RUIN MY CAREER!...
NOBODY COULD EVER STOMACH
A COMEDIAN WHO IS ALSO
A SERIOUS ARTISTE!

AH...AND YA KNOW, NOBODY RESPECTS
ANYTHING UNLESS IT WAS WRITTEN LONG,
LONG AGO...IF IT AIN'T OLD, IT AIN'T GOOD!
AND I AGREE! I FEEL SO CREATIVE, SO FULL
OF INSPIRATION IN THESE OLD DAYS!

AND ANYWAYS, WHO WOULD
TAKE A FACE LIKE MINE SERIOUSLY
IN OUR AGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
AND TELEVISION!

THAT'S ALL O.K.,
BUT YOU GOTTA DO US
ONE BIG FAVOR!

THE FOLLOWING MONDAY
IN ENGLISH CLASS...

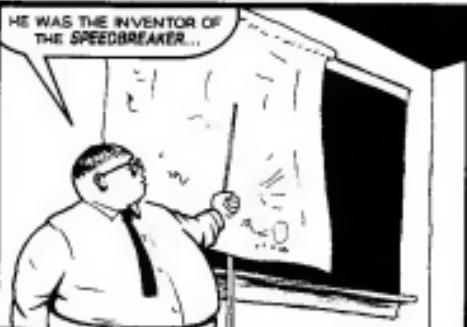
... AND SHAKESPEARE AND I
WORKED WELL TOGETHER...WE
WERE A GOOD TEAM, LIKE MARTIN
AND LEWIS OR CAGNEY & LACEY?...IT'S
JUST THAT MY PERFECT PARTNER
LIVED OVER 400 YEARS AGO...

AND SO PROFESSOR...
YOU SEE SHAKESPEARE
DID NOT WRITE ALL HIS
PLAYS AND SONNETS
ALONE...

AND HE WAS PRETTY MUCH
A HICK, A HAYSEED, AND A
HILLBILLY!...BUT HE WAS
VERY INGENUOUS, AS WE
SEE HERE IN THESE PRO-
JECTED BLOWUPS
FROM HIS LOST
NOTEBOOK...



HE WAS THE INVENTOR OF
THE SPEEDBREAKER...



...SOAP ON A ROPE, CLOTHESPINS ON YOUR NOSE TO
DETER BAD odORS, PANELING FOR DENS AND REC
ROOMS, GAG JOKES ON COCKTAIL NAPKINS,
SLIPPING ON BANANA PEELS...



THIS IS INSANE! ALL SO
RIDICULOUS! I'VE LOST MY
JOB FOR SURE NOW!



...AND SO YOU SAY
THAT SHAKESPEARE AND
HACKETT WERE A TEAM?

COULDN'T A
DONE IT WITH-
OUT HIM?

WELL, DOGWOOD! THIS IS QUITE
IMPRESSIVE! IT SEEMS I WAS
WRONG AFTER ALL...YOU CAN
HAVE YOUR JOB BACK.



The
END